A

Pindarick Ode,

Upon HIS MAJESTIES Review of His FORCES;

AT

PUTNEY-HEATH.

I.

THou more than happy Plain,
Thus honour'd with this Glorious Train,
The Awful MONARCH of bleſt *Albion*'s Iſle,
With all His Martial Pomp around
Thus Circled, and thus more than Crown'd;
A Sight would make even wither'd *Autumn* ſmile;
And the proud *Thames* in paſſing by
Th'Auguſt *Solemnity*,
With a ſlow Ebb his Rowling Waves convey
Down to their Mother SEA,
To pay their Humbler Homage to th'Ador'd
Great *CHARLES* the Seas Dread *Sovereign Lord.*
Imperial *CÆSAR* here
Does no *Aſſociating Senates* fear.
Theſe *Loyal* Walls of *Steel* untainted ſtand
Whilſt faithleſs *Capitols* with Royal Gore,
Schiſme, *Sacriledge*, and *TREASON* blotted o're,
Eternal *Shame* and Deathleſs *Infamy* ſhall brand.
No more are our Battalions led
By an ungrateful *Brutus* in their Head.
Th'avenging Deity from that high Sphere
Has thrown the falling *Lucifer*:
And the Great Heir of that Immortal Man,
MONK, who our SUN's bright *Phoſphor*, firſt began
To mend the broken Wheels, and ſet the vaſt *Machine*
Of Monarchy a moving once again,
Now weilds the Royal Sword,
To *Guard* that Majeſty his Renown'd SIRE reſtor'd.

II.

Let the Old *Roman Triumphs* Boaſt no more,
Their Coſtly Pomp of Yore.
What were their *Golden Chariots*? What
Thoſe Shining Scenes of State?
Or'e Vaſſals *Heads* They only Rode:
O're Proſtrate *Hearts* we'll Mount our Driving GOD.
Whilſt Hecatombs of offer'd Souls ſhall come,
With one Rich *Incenſe*, One *Perfume*;
Till Towring to the Sky,
The Univerſal Great Oblation fly;
The *Roman Eagles* all Outſoar'd, Outvy'd
Their *Pageants*, all their gilded Pride,

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A *Trajan Column* or *Egytian* Pyramide;
Poor Piles of Earth, and Monuments of Clay,
Far far beneath the *Rites* we Pay:
When our united *Shouts*, *Vows*, *Prayers*, all Circling round his Head,
Their more then Coronation Drops ſhall Shed:
Whilſt the Victorious *CHARLES* ſhall March
Under that Brighteſt, Greateſt, moſt Divine *Triumphal Arch.*

III.

And Sacred *CHARLES* to Crown this Glorious Day,
Loud let Thy *Cannons* rore, ſo Bright thy *Bannors* play;
And hold thy Glittering Brandiſh't *Sword* ſo *High*,
Till *Treaſon* Awed and Sileneed lye;
Till Burſting *Envy* dye.
Till the Dread *Sight* alone
Has that intire, and *Bloodleſs* Conqueſt Won,
Shall make the Hiſſing Tongues of *Murmur* ceaſe,
All Huſht into a *Calm*, and *Dazled* into *Peace.*
Thus Conquering, thy Halcyon Raign ſhall be
But one Long *Jubilee.*
Whilſt Thou our Dearer, Greater *Jove*,
The Greater, tho leſs *Thundering* Name,
Thy Lightning all but *Lambent* Flame,
Croun'd with *Miraclous MERCI* Sits't *above*,
And all *Beneath* Thee LOVE.
Mercy more *Wondrous* far
Then thy own *Native Noonday* STAR.
A *Mercy* ſo prodigious as t' excel
All but thy RESTAURATION *Miracle.*
Mercy that even Heavens hardeſt Toyle
FANATICISM ſhall reconcile:
Soften th' invet'rate Hate of *Church* and *Crown*,
And all the Iron Hearts melt down.
Mercy and *CHARLES* all this Stupendious Work ſhall do;
Nay move without a *Pang* the Mighty *Labour* through.

IV.

But whil'ſt this Faithful Band's unſhaken Loyalty
For *CHARLES* dares Fight, and for him dye;
'Tis as the GODS *Devotion* treats
With precious *Odors*; all no more
Than Heaps from their own Store:
The *Gums* which their own *Sun* creates.
'Tis all but a Creation of thy own,
Whil'ſt *CHARLES* is his own Guard alone,
Inſpires that Loyalty protects his Throne.
Nor is alone this Loyal Hoſt,
Th'Auxiliary Powers thy Cauſe can boaſt.
For let 'em cover all the ſpacious Plain,
Nay add ten Thouſands more to fill the Glorious Train:
Great *CHARLES*, not *half* thy GUARDS are here;
Heavens kindeſt ANGELS in that *Liſt* appear.
They lead the Mighty *Van*, and *Theſe* bring up the *Rear.*

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